THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE.—Saturday, matinee and night, the University Dramatic club in in "The Amazons."

GRAND THEATRE. — To-night, First Regiment Band concert; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday matinee, "The Peddler's Claim"; Thursday, matinee and evening, Friday, Saturday and Saturday matinee, "The White Slave." The engagement of "The White Slave" begins with a special matinee on Lincoln's birthday, Thursday, Feb. 12.

HAS the green room vanished from the earth?

The question was asked by a disillusioned young man who stepped into the world behind the curtain at the Salt Lake theatre last week. So far as Salt Lake is concerned, the question must be answered in the affirmative. There is no green room here in the old acceptation of the term. That is to say, there is no place behind the curtain where the actors and actresses gather to chat with each other and with callers while they await their cues.

Was there ever a green room?

Well, yes. The green room was once one of the most important adjuncts to the theatre. Nearly a century ago Theodore E. Hook, an English humorist, wrote:

"The Friday came: and for the first time in my life I found myself in the green room of a theatre—it was literally a green room, into which light was admitted by a thing like a cucumber frame at one end of it. It was matted, and round the walls ran a bench covered with faded green stuff, whereupon the dramatis personae deposited themselves until called to go upon the stage; a looking-glass under the skylight and a large bottle of water and a tumbler on the chimneypiece completed the furniture of this classic apartment."

That doesn't sound very inviting, does it? But it is a lot more inviting than the world at the "back" is today. There is nothing but business on the other side of the curtain. Men in overalls seem to be monarchs of all they survey. The girls who looked like queens from the front of the house are only very ordinary women with inches, more or less, of rouge and grease paint disfiguring their countenances.

The star is in his dressing room, or her dressing room, as the case may be, and the rest of the people are scattered through the various little coops provided for the hoi polloi of the stage. No chattering, no merry laughter, no airy persiflage, no wine drinking with the chappies, no anything but work, work, work. So those who prefer to cling to their idols will do well to stay in front of the curtain. People who are tempted to go "back" find, almost without exception, that the feet of the idols are clay, or nose putty or paint or something horrible of that sort.

The green room is not in its decadence. It is just plain dead, that's all.

From that fountainhead of theatrical intelligence, New York City, comes the report that certain ambitious playwrights are engaged in dramatizing Eugene Field's pathetic poem, "Little Boy Blue." To those who are familiar with this classic, the idea that it can be dramatized is simply blasphemous. One would as soon think of dramatizing the Lord's prayer or the ten commandments. Listen to the poem:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little tin soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you move till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
Then he toddled away to his trundle bed
To dream of his pretty toys.

And while he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue.
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, true to our Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as passing the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Isn't it sacrilege to think of dramatizing anything like that?

Thursday night, for the first time in fifty-five nights, the Grand was dark. Yesterday another long series began with the matinee production of "The Peddler's Claim." The Grand will not be dark again for a long time to come.

The Salt Lake theatre will be dark for the most of the week. The only attraction booked is the University Dramatic club in "The Amazons," which will be produced there Saturday afternoon and evening for the benefit of the Swedish famine sufferers. "Arizona" opens a week from tomorrow for a solid week, in cluding the regular matinees.

STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle have been offered the leading parts in an important New York production, which will be made known at an early date.

They tell a new story of George Musgrove, at whose theatre in Melbourne Nellie Melba has been singing. She missed a performance through indisposition, and an irate old party who had brought his family to town was not content with the return of the ticket money. He demanded the cash spent in railway fares. Musgrove sent him the following reply:

"Dear Sir: I went to London to see the coronation. It was postponed in consequence of the king's illness. When the British government refunds me my passage money I shall be glad to send you the amount of your railway fare.

Most pantomime characters were originally borrowed from the Italians. The first real English pantomime was produced at a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1720. It was called "Harlequin Executed," and its sub-title was "A New Italian Comic Scene Between a Scaramouche, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, His Wife and Others." The performance was very successful. About the middle of the eighteenth century the character of pantomime performances was completely altered, chiefly because of the genius of the famous Grimaldi, who made the clown the first figure in the pantomime. Grimaldi first appeared at Sadler's Wells theatre, where he played the part of a monkey. He was actively engaged on the stage for forty-nine years and at the close of his career he took a benefit at Drury Lane theatre, which realized nearly £600. He also realized £100 from the Drury Lane fund. This was in June, 1828. He died in 1837, and was buried in the churchyard of St. James' chapel, Pentonville Hill.—Golden Penny.

Miss Lillian Sinnott, the 14-year-old girl who has made a hit in Miss Millie James' old part of Simplicity Johnson in "Lovers' Lane," met with a singular accident at the Cleveland Lyceum the other night. An incident of the school recess scene is a particularly strenuous fist fight between two of the urchins, who put up a more exciting bout than usually is offered at the average sporting club. When they have roughed it through a couple of rounds, Miss Sinnott parts the combatants. In the resultant mixup one of the boys accidentally kicked Miss Sinnott in the solar plexus. She promptly took the count and fainted away. The curtain was rung down in the midst of the excitement, and E. D. Price began telephoning for skilled physicians. Under their ministrations, Miss Sinnott regained consciousness and feebly whispered the stereotyped "Where am I?" After half an hour's delay she was able to resume her part. The boxing bout is now conducted with greater dignity, discretion and decorum.

Harry Corson Clarke has again entered the ranks of actor-managers and is about to open a season of sixteen weeks in Seattle and San Francisco. In both of these cities Mr. Clarke has long been popular, and there is no doubt that his present enterprise will be as profitable as his past ventures have been. After leaving the east last summer Mr. Clarke played a successful season on the road, and for eight weeks at the Republic theatre, San Francisco, he made a succession of pronounced hits in the various roles of his repertoire. The new company has already won high favor in San Francisco. It includes Margaret Dale Owen, Lillian Albertson, Donah Benrimo, Claudia Rogers, Julia Walcott, Lorraine Lyons, Henry Bradley, George Bosworth, William Harris, Howard Trull and Edward George. On Feb. 1 Mr. Clarke will begin a six weeks' season with his company at the Seattle theatre, Seattle and from there will return to San Francisco for a season of ten weeks. In both cities he will present the comedies in which he has won notable success.

Clara Morris, who has been very seriously ill at her home near Yonkers, was reported to be very much improved yesterday. The doctor in attendance stated that her fever had abated, though she is still prostrated nervously. Miss Morris' pecuniary affairs are also brightening. Early last week she was threatened with the foreclosure of a mortgage on her home, and indeed the process server was instructed to nail a notice on the door. But in the last two days a number of prominent and wealthy men have come to her aid.

Of Miss Mabel Bouton, the Salt Lake girl who died in New York Wednesday, the New York Telegraph of Monday says:

"Mrs. C. W. Bouton, Miss Bouton's mother, has arrived in this city from Salt Lake City, and is constantly at the dying actress' bedside. Miss Bouton does not realize she is so near her end, and expresses much satisfaction at having her mother with her.

"'I shall return home with you,' said Miss Bouton to her mother yesterday, 'and remain there until I am well enough to go back to my work. I shall be glad to go home once more.'

"No word has been received lately from Miss Bouton's sister, Madeline, who is now the Baroness Nimptsch. When Miss Bouton was first taken ill Herman L. Roth received a table message from the baroness asking him to do whatever he could for her sister's comfort. Since that time neither Miss Bouton nor her immediate friends seem to have received any word from the sister.

"Miss Bouton's other sister, Cloy, who was also an actress, has not been before the public since she married a prize fighter several years ago and left the city."

Some of the best lines spoken on the stage often have their origin, not in the author's brain, but in some unexpected witticism or impromptu repartee outside the theatre. Such happens to be the case with one of the bright lines of "The Taming of Helen," which was written by Richard Harding Davis for Henry Miller.

The incident giving the origin of the lines occurred at Elmira, N. Y., several weeks ago, when one of the actors fell ill suddenly, and Davis, the author, volunteered to take his place. There was but one line of importance for him to speak, but he became very nervous as the time approached for his entry, and Miller came rushing out of his dressing room, thinking the author had already been on. He grabbed Davis' hand and exclaimed:

"You're great, Davis. Wagner has been out in front and says you're making a big hit with the audience."

"Really?" said the astonished Davis, "I scarcely can believe that, Mr. Miller."

"Fact, though. Wagner just told me."

"That's very strange, indeed," said Davis, "because, you see, I haven't been on yet."

Miller paused a moment and then smiled. "Yes," he said, "that's why they're so pleased."

Davis liked the line so much he incorporated it in the theatre scene of "The Taming of Helen."

During a recent engagement of "Arizona" in one of the small Connecticut towns, an elderly gentleman with multifarious whiskers, accompanied by his wife, occupied seats in the last row of the orchestra. Underneath the setting forth of the cast in the programme was the usual synopsis of the scenes, and the last line read: "Act IV same as act I." When the curtain fell on the third act the old man picked up his hat and umbrella and said to his companion: "Come along, Maria. We can ketch that 10:30 train if we hurry. The programme says last act is the same ez the fust, and I don't see no use of waiting to look at it over again." And they, marveling at his cleverness, hustled off homeward.

This is what a California writer has to say of David Warfield, who is starring in "The Auctioneer": "The Jew is not the only role he can play, and with that combined pathos and comedy one feels tempted to say he is the legitimate successor of the old comedians now represented by Joseph Jefferson, but of them all I have seen none whose touch of deep human sentiment is so sure, so convincing."

After William Gillette had completed writing the play of "Sherlock Holmes," in Lower California, he resumed his tour of "Secret Service." In San Francisco he was burned out at the Baldwin theatre. The play was among the property destroyed. Mr. Gillette was stopping at the Palace hotel at the time, and his stage manager rushed to his room, woke him, and told him that the new play of "Sherlock Holmes," as well as his "Secret Service" production, had been destroyed. Mr. Gillette, in his usual, quiet way, asked:

"Is there any danger of this hotel burning?"

The stage manager was rather taken back, and declared that he thought it was perfectly safe.

"Then," said Mr. Gillette, "come and tell me your troubles in the morning. Good-night."

Mr. Gillette rewrote the play of "Sherlock Holmes" in ten days, and for four years it has proven to be one of the greatest successes ever put on any stage.

Blanche Walsh has begun rehearsals for "Resurrection," in which she will create in America the role of Maslova at the Victoria theatre Feb. 16. "The Daughter of Hamilcar," in which Miss Walsh has made the greatest success of her career, has been laid aside temporarily in order that she may avail herself of an opportunity that is too important to be disregarded. Wagenhals & Kemper, Miss Walsh's managers, may be said to be killing two theatrical birds with one stone by making this unexpected move. Not only have they secured for their star a role that is the most important of the season, but they have done so with the understanding that at the end of the New York run of "Resurrection" at the Victoria they shall have unlimited time for a New York appearance of "The Daughter of Hamilcar."

Now that his new comic opera, "Peggy From Paris," has been successfully launched in Chicago, George Ade has announced his intention of paying a visit to New York in the near future to witness the performance of his "Sultan of Sulu" at Wallack's. Despite the fact that he is a coiner of words and the slang purveyor extraordinary to the American people, Ade is a coward when it comes to making a speech before the curtain, and it was this spirit of cowardice that prevented his coming to New York to see the initial performance of "The Sultan" at Wallack's. Once upon a time Ade made a speech at the old Whitechapel club in Chicago, and the result was so painful that he has never attempted to repeat the performance.

When the "Foxy Quiller" company arrived in Denver recently, Richard Golden, the star, and Adolph Zink happened to enter the hotel together. Golden is a man of medium height, while Zink stands only three feet, nine inches in his shoes, being the famous lilliputian comedian.

The clerk, looking down at Zink, took him for Golden's son.

"Your rate will be as usual, Mr. Golden," said the clerk, "but we won't charge anything for the boy."

Zink, being 30 years old and just like any other man, except for his height, was furious. But before he could utter a word, Golden saw a splendid opportunity for a practical joke. "That's very kind of you," he said. "Come, son, we'll go up to the room."

Zink, instead of making a fuss, walked off with Golden and bided his time.

That evening, when the clerk had "tumbled" to the little man's identity, he started to apologize, but Zink wouldn't let him talk at all, and went on occupying the same room as Golden. At the end of the week the clerk handed Zink his bill. Then the little man handed it back with the remark: "Oh, no, that isn't mine. 'Papa' will pay my bill." The tables were completely turned on Golden, who "dug up" the amount of Zink's board for the entire week.

George Primrose and Lew Dockstader are to dissolve their partnership at the end of the season, and the company now bearing the names of the two minstrels is to be continued under the leadership of Dockstader. Because of this dissolution of partnership, Klaw & Erlanger will not carry out their announced intention of organizing a minstrel company, headed by Mr. Dockstader to tour the country next season.

The reason for this change of plans on the part of the prominent theatrical firm is due wholly to the newly formed resolution of George Primrose, to the effect that this is to be his last year at the head of a minstrel company.

When it was learned that he was to retire, Mr. Dockstader saw that it would be a more desirable thing for him, if possible, to take the company of which he is now a member and run it, with James Decker, the present manager of the organization, as his manager, than to carry out his prearranged plan of heading the big minstrel company planned by Klaw & Erlanger.

Accordingly, he secured his release from the managers, who thereupon announced the abandonment of their proposed minstrel company.

Recently Selina Fetter Royle went hunting for apartments in New York. To one janitor she said: "I want a nice sunny room, you know. What's the expense, Mr. Janitor?" "Two hundred dollars a month, madam."

Louis James and Frederick Warde are making a triumphal tour of the large cities on the Pacific coast. In every city the sign, "Standing Room Only," has to be displayed. Evidently Shakespeare does not spell bankruptcy.

William Gillette, who makes his first appearance here in "Sherlock Holmes" shortly, is perhaps the most successful living dramatist. Born of wealthy parents, he at a very early age, developed a tendency for things theatrical and has made it his life work. His first play was "The Professor" and his list of successes includes "The Private Secretary," "Because She Loved Him So," "To Much Johnson," "All the Comforts of Home," "Held by the Enemy," "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes," a collection of successful plays not equaled by any dramatist of recent times. Mr. Gillette's income from these plays is something enormous, and a conservative estimate makes him the wealthiest actor on the dramatic stage today. His performance of "Sherlock Holmes" is said to be the most wonderful entertainment. It ran an entire season in New York, another season in London, and this is his second season on the road in this country. At the end of this season "Sherlock Holmes" will be shelved, so that the coming visit will be the last as well as the first in which Mr. Gillette will be seen as the great detective of fiction.

The world still harbors many souls filled with the thirst for histrionic laurels and a seat in the Temple of Fame, and managers are as ever beset by the appeals of the thirsty, says the Dramatic Mirror. W. H. Fulwood, manager of the Wilbur Opera company, at Bradford, Pa., sends the Mirror a naive letter from one who certainly cannot be accused of hiding his light under a bushel. This inspired soul, in a much-beblotted letter, asks: "Do you need any one to help with your company. I am looking for that kind of a job. Although I do not know much about an actor, I would like to be one. I am not much good at writing with ink, but I can dance the clog a little. That's about all."

Another modest aspirant writes to Louis A. Phillips of the Lyceum theatre, Brooklyn. This young man would like to be "a stage porter, or sell candies." He adds: "I am small for my age, very comical, can make more fun in five minutes than anybody can make in one hour." A rather sweeping statement. Furthermore, he states that he is no crank, that he means business, and ends by wishing Mr. Phillips a Happy New Year and requests a quick answer.

Yet another laurel seeker, this time a woman, writes to Charles A. Chase, manager of Alden Benedict's attractions. This woman desires fame and wealth net only for herself, but for her children. Her husband, she writes, does not wish to appear upon the stage, but could "fulfill a part as the one who stands at the door taking in the tickets." "I and the children," she continues, "a girl of 6 and a boy of 4 that seems to be equally as smart as his sister, could take part in the plays. I would like, if you are in need of any person, to rite me by return of mail and let me know what you could afford to pay us. I would like the children learnt to be smart. We run a laundry business, but would sell out if we could get a position on the stage and all go in the same troop. Awaiting a reply and all particulars concerning the matter also how you manage the paying of the people, do you pay every night or by the week or how?" A question that many a real actor has yearned to know ere this.

From Manager E. D. Davenport of the Grady Stock company, comes still another yearning epistle. It reads: "I would like to have a job songstor-seller or actor. Price I would like to have: songstor seller, $8 per month, actor $11 per month." Fame seems to be a sufficient reward for this aspirant.

A prominent dramatic critic has raised a storm about his ears by declaring that genius among the women of the American stage is confined to just four stars—Ada Rehan, Kathryn Kidder and two others. The critic's failure to indicate the latter half of his quartette is bringing wide attention to his proclamation. Of course every big star who has not been named is wondering whether she is or is not one of the unmentioned two, and, of course, every artistic admirer of every unmentioned star wishes to know why the reviewer named only two of his quarette and left the other two to be guessed at.

Edna Wallace Hopper is going to handle the ponies. She is about to purchase a string of horses, and will be a promoter of the turf. It will be remembered that Miss Hopper liked the races so well last season that on Brooklyn handicap day she purchased a matinee performance of "Florodora," that her attendance at the race might not be interfered with.

Jessie Millward, former leading lady of the Empire Theatre company, has been engaged as Henry Miller's leading woman for his forthcoming production of Richard Harding Davis' "Captain Macklin" that Franklyn Fyles has dramatized for Miller's use. The principal feminine role is one not unlike the part of Lady Algy, who is generally regarded as the best thing Miss Millward has done since Manager Charles Frohman brought her over from England. Miss Millward was to have sailed back to England this month, but will remain here for some time. Mr. Miller, by the way, has started rehearsals of the new piece and will present it for the first time on any stage at Rochester, N. Y., on Christmas night.

Belasco has again achieved the impossible. He has outdone himself, for it is no small triumph to follow "Du Barry" with such an achievement as "The Darling of the Gods." The play and Blanche Bates, the star, together with George Arliss, Robert T. Haines and the others of the numerous and splendid company playing at the Belasco theatre have scored the dramatic triumph of the year. But, then, Belasco has a way of doing things with wizardlike certainty. His touch is the touch of magic. Whatever he undertakes for presentation in plays far surpasses the effort of other producers and places him distinctly in a class by himself.

PRESS AGENTS' PROMISE.

Though Bartley Campbell's southern play, "The White Slave," is more than twenty years old, big audiences welcomed its return to the Bijou yesterday afternoon and evening. The management has given the play up-to-date spectacular qualities, retaining, however, the atmosphere of the period to which the story belongs. Effective scenery is a striking feature, those showing the Mississippi river steamboats in motion being particularly striking. The wreck scene in the fourth act makes a splendidly dramatic picture. Miss Helena Collier, as Lisa, the white slave, gave an exhibition of emotional power that added much to the success of the performance. Kate Campbell as Daphne, Jennie Christie, Charles Webster and Frank N. Drew were clever in their several parts. The "White Slave" quartette and plantation darkies render a number of musical selections, and the typical southern sports, in which the colored members of the company appear, created attractive entertainment.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"The White Slave" opens at the Grand Thursday with a special Lincoln's birthday matinee, and fills out the remainder of the week.

The clever actor, Sam Morris, will be seen in the "Peddler's Claim" at the Grand theatre again Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with a matinee Wednesday at 3 o'clock.

Tonight's concert at the Grand will be in honor of battery A, N. G. U., and a splendid programme has been arranged.

All in His Eye.

(New York Times.)

"Hi, there!" shouted the customs officer, suspiciously. "Why are you holding your handkerchief to your face?"

"There's a bit of cinder in my eye," answered the returning tourist.

"Ah! Foreign substance in the eye! You'll have to pay duty on it."

Robina in "Arizona."